

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
 And at the bankes of Aoly meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sister; *Pirithous*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir

He follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thef. Cosen I charge you

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world)

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortall make'st affections bend
 To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
 Grone under such a Mastry.

Thef. As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude

We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Florisso.*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
 Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke,

At

At least to frustrate striving, and to fellow
 The common Streame, tweld bring us to an Edy
 Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,
 Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

Pal. Your advice

Is cride up with example; what strange ruins
 Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive
 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound
 To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
 Which though he won, he had rot, and now fluried
 By peace for whom he fought, who then shall offer
 To *Mars* so scornd *Alar*? I doe bleede
 When such I meete, and with great *Inno* would
 Resume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*
 To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge
 For her repletion, and retaine anew
 Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
 Then strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in
 The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs, you did begin
 As if you met decaies of many kindes:
 Perceive you none, that doe arouse your pitty
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pitty

Decaies where ere I finde them, but such most
 That sweating in an honourable Toyle
 Are paid with yce to coole 'em.

Arcite. Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is vertue
 Of no respect in Thebs, I spake of Thebs
 How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
 It is for our resyding, where every evill
 Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry seeming good's
 A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n lumps
 As they are, here were to be strangers, and
 Such things to be meere Monsters.

C

Pal.